

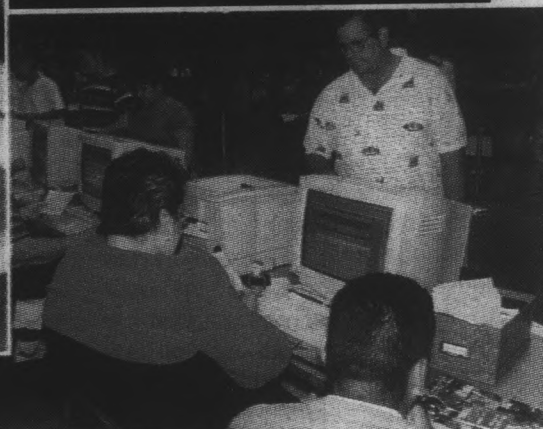
Hartnell College  
**The Sentinel**  
Salinas - King City

Fall Semester, 2001 - Issue One

A  
**Panther**  
Publication



Photos by Lori Attardi



Hartnell Students Look Back on September 11! -  
Another Hartnell Journalism Students Turns Pro! -  
The Tabby's Tale! - and More!

**Your Best Choice**  
**Past, Present, Future**



## Message from the President...

### ECONOMIC SLOWDOWN MEANS LEARNING IS NOW MORE Important Than Ever

Perhaps you've been noticing a lot of negative news concerning jobs and the national economy. Seems that everything we read these days is loaded with negative statistics such as the gross-domestic product growing only 1.3% in the first quarter of 2001.

Not only are the statistics a bit gloomy, many pundits are suggesting that it may be a while before things change for the better. Economist Stuart Hoffman, for instance, summarized his perception of today's situation by saying:

"The economy is still stuck in the slow lane."

Are conditions really that bad out there in the world of trade and industry?

A spokesperson for Cisco, an IT (Information Technology) firm paraphrased Shakespeare has been quoted as saying she felt some of the bad news was simply a case of the media making too much ado about too little. She pointed out that our economy (any economy, for that matter) undergoes adjustments as it seeks a balance between what producers want to sell and what consumers want to buy.

"This makes a recession into a Darwinian sort of event, like survival of the fittest in order for a species to survive and thrive," she said. "That accounts for the incongruity of seeing employment ads right after you've read about all those lay-offs ... all in the same newspaper."

Those areas of operations where we're short on workers are generally in the high-tech departments, according to the Cisco spokesperson, who summarized what may be today's most important message for people seeing

employment and career options.

"For replacements," she said, "we'll be seeking people who are well-trained and skillful in certain areas of expertise."

That's where Hartnell College stops into the picture. The purpose of institutional effectiveness, as noted within our (in-progress) Assessment Plan, a vital document that will help guide our institution confidently into the future.

As part of the mission of Hartnell College, we are determined to see to it that the school

provides the leadership and resources requisite to ensuring that all students can have a quality education and the opportunity to pursue and achieve their goals. We want every stu-

dent to be provided with opportunities extending from education access to academic success.

Hartnell is also committed to accommodating technological change by cooperatively designing training programs to meet the needs of business, industry, government, and nonprofit agencies. We must and will continue developing strategies to enhance campus technology best suited to the needs, interests, and employment of our students and graduates.

In short, Hartnell College pledges itself to being a technologically advanced institution that promotes the development of instructional and student services programs that will enhance student learning, improve faculty competency, and maintain the highest quality possible in our every endeavor ... both on campus and in the community.

**Edward J. Valeau**

All students can have a quality education and the opportunity to pursue and achieve their goals.

## Campus and Community

# News from Here and There

## Plan Draft Submitted

Trustees to Review Institutional Effectiveness Assessment

Hartnell College President Edward J. Valeau has submitted the Institutional Effectiveness Assessment Plan draft to the Board of Trustees for its review. Copies of the draft also are being made available to interested members of campus and community.

According to a letter dated October 22nd, 2001, the Institutional Planning Committee established the Institutional Effectiveness Assessment Subcommittee, which is charged with establishing and monitoring an IEA plan, was formed during the spring of 2000. The plan will outline how Hartnell College can evaluate the degree to which it fulfills its mission, vision, statements, college goals, and purposes.

The subcommittee has provided and is distributing copies of the draft in an effort to solicit questions and suggestions.

Valeau extended special thanks to the Institutional Effectiveness subcommittee and other involved members of the campus community including Charlene Frontiera, Frank Henderson, Paul Herrera, and Romero Jalomo.

Also, Vic Krimley, Sandra Martinez, Chris Myers, Cathy Noble, Andrea Preppernau, Eloy Rodriques, Ron Waddy, and Pam Wiese.

Individuals who would like to offer suggestions or to discuss the draft plan should contact Chris Myers or Andrea Preppernau in the Institutional Research and Planning Office, telephone number 831.755.6927.

The Hartnell College student body is composed 55% of women and 45% of men. Of its 10,044 students (spring 2001), 73% attend classes on a part-time basis. 49% have not yet celebrated 25th birthdays and 9% are 50 years of age and older. 41% attend only day classes, 37% only evening classes, and 23% attend both day and evening classes.

Source:  
2000-01 Pocket Profile  
Institutional Research and Planning Office

## Pocket Profile Ready

Booklet Tells the Statistical Story of Hartnell College

The Institutional Research and Planning Office has announced that the *Fact Book* for year 2000 and the *Pocket Profile 2000-01* are complete and now available.

The *Fact Book*, published annually by the Institutional Research and Planning Office, serves as reference book offering information about Hartnell College's students, staff, budget, facilities, and community. The book is a suggested source-document for such purposes as project or facilities planning, grant development, and program evaluation.

To check out the *Fact Book* on the internet, visit the IRPO website at [www.hartnell.cc.ca.us/institutional-research/factbook/fact-book.html](http://www.hartnell.cc.ca.us/institutional-research/factbook/fact-book.html).

If you've been worrying about how much of Hartnell's total budget is applied to student aid, stop by the IRP office and ask for a pocket profile. Therein, you'll learn that the amount of Hartnell's total budget applied to student aid is 9%.

## Task Force Forms Emergency Response Plans Purpose of Group

With the threat of terroristic acts weighing heavily on everyone's minds, President Edward Valeau has announced the formation of an Emergency Response Task Force to determine recommendations for keeping Hartnell College a safe place to be.

According to information provided by the president's office, two things now will occur.

First, questionnaires have been circulated with requests to respond. The questionnaires are designed to promote the receipt of as much input as can possibly be obtained.

Second, representatives of the police, fire, and emergency services department will be asked to join the task force and helping come up with the most comprehensive and effective plan possible.

Remember, it's always better to be prepared and safe than to be sorry.



# Into the Aftermath

In Memorium - September 11, 2001

The horror of September 11th, 2001, has created recollections that few will ever be able to forget.. How are Hartnell students reacting in the aftermath. To find out, representatives of the *Sentinel* asked two questions:

## 1) How Have The Events Of September 11th Changed You?

## 2) What Should We Learn From These Attacks?

Here are the responses.

### Danielle Pritchard

I have never been more proud to be an American. The attacks were a devastating experience and our country could have fallen apart, but instead we became stronger and more unified than I have ever seen in my lifetime. The terrorists should be scared, petrified, because they grossly underestimated the strength of the American spirit.

I think America needs to realize that we can no longer live in isolation. We are the strongest link in a global society and that means we have a great deal of responsibility. The American public must realize that there are things that are more important than our own safety. We must begin to back up our opinions with something more than words. At our time of crisis we have received support from Israel, England, and almost every other nation on this earth. We have demanded that each country choose sides, it is either us or the terrorists. We have offered no middle ground. We as a country must be willing to return that friendship when one of our allies is in need.

John Stuart Mill said it best, "War is an ugly thing, but it is not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. The person who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance at being free

unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."

I hope that all Americans realize that there are more important things than our own safety and that we will come to the aid of those who are weaker than we when they are in trouble.

Terrorism doesn't have to touch our shores for it to be terrorism.

### Jesse Blanco

The incident that has changed the world hasn't really changed me, negatively anyway. The incident has speeded up my life, I feel. It has moved me, through the advice of Rev. Efrain Valverde Sr., to move dreams and fantasies to the side and focus more on the present.

From what I had heard the U.S. was preparing for some Star Wars missile defense, but was attacked by its own planes. There is no way the U.S. could have prepared for this type of attack. The U.S. says it trusts in God, but its trust is in its weaponry and power right now. If there is anything we could learn it is that this incident has made us think more seriously about life and God.

### Martin Vargas

So far, I have been experiencing some problems with my parents because they are now afraid to fly here from Mexico City. I expected my parents to come for a visit, and now they will not.

With all the security in the airports I also question how difficult it will be flying since when I go places I have to carry my camera equipment and there is a problem checking my film because can't let my film go through the x-ray machine. I also worry about all the news about Anthrax because this and other biological weapons can be spread so easily around any town.

I think we need to understand that the Taliban are trying to get the United States and its allies in this war. Their main purpose is to make this a holy war against all the other faiths and religions of the world.

To stop them, we must live without fear. We don't need an evil sect to rule the way we live. The most important thing is to have a lot of faith in God and pray

for the eradication of terrorism, worldwide.

### Judd Hedegard

It burned a graven image forever into my psyche. The vacant space of twin towers absent.

The question of my father's generation was "What were you doing when Kennedy died?" Now my generation can ask "What were you doing when..."

'Black', 'White', 'Asian', 'Hispanic', these classifications of race are inventions of culture and society, not science.

In America where are unity must be a creed of common culture found within the American experiment and not the narrow distinctions of ethnicity and race, one lesson may be that the only colors we should identify with are the red, white, and blue; not the genetic allotment of melanin.

### Lori Attardi

It all seems so unreal to me, more like something that happened in a movie than in real life. It still seems like the sort of thing in which I could never be involved, but I guess that the acts of September 11th prove that anyone can be involved, anytime, anywhere. Some are involved even when the act turns out to be a hoax. Someone deposited little piles of white powder at three places that I know of. These were San Jose State University, Monterey Peninsula College, and right here at Hartnell College. So has my life changed since September 11th? Evidently it has, whether I wanted it to or not.

What should I learn from all this. Maybe I learned that deep down somewhere inside me I carry some prejudices.

After September 11th, I found myself "hating" anyone who was from the Middle East, not just the terrorists who committed the acts. I've had to struggle to keep focused on being judgmental toward racial or ethnic groups, places of origin, and religious preferences, even on individuals. I'm learning to distinguish between people of any sort of grouping and the actions some of the people within any group take.



Praying by Martin Vargas

Candles in Portugal



# Stories from Students of Emeritus College

## Awash With A Wash

By Lucille Moses

Arriving late, I could not hear a sound through the raging water. I shuddered, standing in the rain that lashed my body, breathing hard. Lightning pierced the sky casting eerie shadows. My heart thumped against my chest as my ear picked up the rumble of thunder.

Where was everyone else? I seemed totally alone in this drowning forest of water.

I stumbled towards the trees to take shelter, but the wet branches brushed my face and skin quivered as the wind kept slashing twigs against my body. A hand grabbed my arm and pulled me into a tent hidden under the trees. What a relief. Gradually my eyes cleared. Five others gathered around a fire in the middle on the tent. My nose prickled as I whiffed the smell of smoke. Huddling close to the fire, I watched steam spiral from my jacket.

Eventually, I stopped shivering. Opening my satchel, I yanked out a towel to dry my hair. The sound of rain continued to pierce my ears. The taste of smoke lingered on my lips.

Exhausted, everyone bedded down. I snuggled into my sleeping bag. The sound of the wind bombarded my ears in a noisy lullaby as I drifted off to sleep. The next sound I heard was the splashing of water. Was someone taking a bath?

Crawling out of my bag, I knelt by the tent flap and pulled it back enough to peek through.

She was beautiful, sitting in a deep pool of water, splashing it everywhere. Sunshine glistened on her white body. She stretched her long neck, allowing water to dribble down both the front and back. Rainbow colors surrounded her as sunbeams danced in the air. Her contented "quacks" filled the air. The large, whit duck had completed her bath.

The scent of freshly washed trees permeated my nose. My whole body tingled with pleasure as I

exited the tent, stretched, and embraced the newly formed day.

**Creative Writing  
Emeritus  
Program**



## The Longest Season

By Evelyn Poppa

Tyler Marsh sat at the dining room table snipping coupons out of the morning newspaper. He checked his watch. He allowed himself one hour and twelve minutes to read the paper and file coupons, then on to the next item on his list. Tyler is a walking time-table.

Since his promotion to Lieutenant in the Fire Department at Yankee Aircraft, he'd had to make a few changes in his everyday schedule. Being on the 4:00p.m. to 12:00a.m. shift meant readjusting his inner clock, something akin to recovering from jet lag.

Last night had been a bit of a push. A fire had broken out in one of the repair hangers and threatened to spread. Luckily, his men had contained the fire before it became a disaster.

Now, his breakfast was at odds with his delicately balanced digestive system. Anything that interfered with his equilibrium and with his daily agenda gave cause for a case of the stomach jitters. Shaking it off, he tried to concentrate on his upcoming 25th Wedding Anniversary.

How vividly he remembered that fall day in 1950 when he and Julie stood at the altar of St. Peter's, the same church where her grandparents had exchanged vows. Julie, trim, tiny, curly hair that match eyes the color of chestnuts. Dressed in a white formal wedding gown, the details which now escaped him, he had taken her for his wife. Just three years out of high school, bubbly and bright. She had an attitude that she had retained over the years.

Tyler Marsh's body, at 46, had filled out and a receding hairline did nothing to compliment a naturally broad forehead. An absence of crinkle lines in an unsmiling face gave evidence that laughter was something in which he did not frequently indulge. He had cause.

Julie, his for-ever bride, had a sword of Damocles hanging over her head.

He heard sounds of someone coming up the front walk. Suddenly, the footsteps hesitated.

Julie Marsh paused for a moment and turned to look at the maple tree in the front yard. Shed leaves lay scattered on the lawn. Others still clung by narrow stems to their branches. As she watched, a few lost their hold and floated to the ground, hints of bronze and green reflected in the sunlight. She

turned and walked into the house.

Passing the hall mirror she scanned her carefully applied make-up which did its best to camouflage a pallid complexion. So much for "Cover Girl" she thought as she hung her coat in the closet.

"Hi Hon," called Tyler from the dining room. "I'm in here. How did it go? Why did the doctor want you there so early?" He tucked his last coupon into its little paper bed and pulled out a chair for Julie.

"Do you remember what he said when he operated on me last year?" she asked.

"Yes. He wanted to leave the colostomy open. Said you'd have a better chance. I agreed with him. You didn't."

"How would you like to go around with a bag attached to your body? I wouldn't be able to handle simple body functions. Not pleasant Tyler."

"But Julie, you handled it for three months."

"Three months is not a lifetime, besides I had faith in the chemo."

"What are you trying to tell me Julie?"

Her lips began to tremble. "Dr. Libby is transferring my case to Sloan-Kettering in New York. There is evidence of new tumors."

"Oh God," he wrapped his arms around her. "It'll be all right" She disentangled herself. Tears didn't come. She'd spilled most of them between the doctor's office and home.

"You're always so sure of everything, Tyler."

Rebuffed, he backed away. "When do you have to be at Sloan?"

"Tomorrow at ten."

"Well, you know it's at least a two-hour drive from here. I'll call Yankees and we should get in touch with the boys."

The boys, Bill, the oldest, was living and working in Chicago while he studied for his MBA, and Tom, the youngest, had been in the Navy for the past two years. They were their only children.

Sleep was not possible that night. Tyler tried to get Julie to talk about tomorrow, but she shut him out and took refuge in the darkness; she was very much aware of what the next day could bring. She had come this far only because Dr. Libby had performed a minor miracle when she had been rushed to the hospital in Hartford after her intestines had perforated. Luck to be alive, she had no illusions about tomorrow.

Emeritus College, see page 6



## Meet Martin Vargas Garcia

By Jocelyne A. Ampon

Only three months ago, Martin Vargas Garcia took a beginning photography class... but there was no doubt that he already exceeded the title of beginner as his talent in the arts was already well established. Though his fellow classmates might have assumed that Martin was an amateur behind the camera, he actually was well-taught by his teachers at Hartnell, by teachers beyond the classroom and by Santa Cruz's Trini Contreras, whom he apprenticed under.

"I skipped Photography 1 my first year (at Hartnell), so I had to go backward and take that class for the credits," Martin said.

The beginner's class was not at all easy for the experienced photographer. He points out that he was not able to develop his own film because the required assignments were to be taken entirely with slide film. So what is seen through the camera is what is developed on the slide.

"You have to be accurate and since the teachers already know me they expect me to not do a sloppy job," Martin says of the challenges he faced during the class.

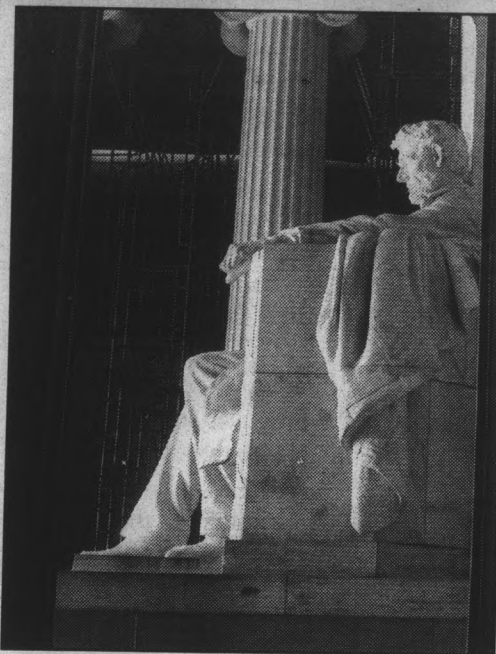
Martin studied plastic arts, a combination of drawing and painting with different mediums, in Mexico City, but he was never involved in photography until one semester at Hartnell. He had to choose a type of art class quick and found himself taking Photography 2 his first semester. Martin gave in to his passion for photography and, two years later, he has exhibited his photographs of Washington DC, the Mayan Ruins and of Europe - to name only a few of the locales to which he has traveled.

The photography classes sparked his interest, but Martin feels lucky to have been an apprentice under a few "master" photographers and, at the same time had the chance to rub elbows with photography greats to discuss each other's works at the monthly meetings he attends at the Monterey Museum of Art. Martin claims that each gathering is a time for photographers of all different skill levels to show their works and to get feedback without pressure. The meetings are great for distinguishing the different styles of art, that are possible with the click of the shutter.

"If I see something that I think would look good on paper, I come back to see it at a different time of the day," Martin says, as he explains that his contribution to photography is to capture everyday subjects through different eyes.

No, Martin carry a camera with him every minute of every day, but Martin's mind is constantly thinking of his next great photograph.

(Note: Another of Martin's photographs appears on page 3)



*Profile of a Winner* captures the solidity of the famous Lincoln Memorial. Although, the angle of the photograph yields a gentleness within the sculpture's pale silhouette, the eye is drawn toward Lincoln's clenched fist which elucidates power. Martin interprets the remodeling in the background as the "rebuilding" of America during Abe Lincoln's term as President. Sendai, Salinas' sister-city in Japan, purchased five copies of this print to present as special gifts.



This fountain, found in front of the Library of Congress in Washington, DC, catches the tourist eye but few are able to capture the massiveness of it all when it is seen for the first time. Neptune's Fountain conjures the feeling of a carefree, fluid world, as Martin has created a contrast between the sharp curves of the sculpture and the careless flow of the water. One can almost hear the noise of the water moving as this piece has become one of Martin's "living memories" at a standstill for passerby.

### Paid Advertisement

#### NOTICE OF CIGARETTE MARKETING CLASS ACTION LAWSUIT

IF YOU SMOKED AS A MINOR BETWEEN APRIL 2, 1994 AND DECEMBER 31, 1999, THIS CLASS ACTION NOTICE MAY AFFECT YOUR RIGHTS.

A class action lawsuit is pending in the Superior Court of the State of California for the County of San Diego, entitled *Daniels v. Philip Morris*, Case No. 719446 (JCCP No. 4042). This Notice is to inform you of the Court's decision to certify a Plaintiff class (the "Class"), the nature of the claims and defenses, and your rights at this time.

##### Are You Affected by This Case?

The following are members of the Class. All persons who as California resident minors (under 18 years of age) smoked one or more cigarettes in California between April 2, 1994 and December 31, 1999. The Defendants in this case are Philip Morris Incorporated; R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company; Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation; and Lorillard Tobacco Company.

##### What is This Case About?

Plaintiffs allege that during the relevant period, the Defendants engaged in unlawful, deceptive and unfair marketing and advertising practices in order to seduce and induce minors in California to smoke cigarettes in violation of Business & Professions Code §17200. Based on these allegations, the Plaintiffs seek to recover on behalf of themselves and the Class certified by the Court (i) disgorgement and/or restitution of all monies obtained by the Defendants from the sale of cigarettes to minors during the Class Period, and (ii) an order enjoining these practices. The lawsuit also requests an award of attorneys' fees and costs if the lawsuit is successful. It is anticipated that any such request by Class Counsel will be sought to be paid either by a deduction from any recovery obtained by the Class or directly by the Defendants. The Defendants deny all of the allegations of wrongdoing and liability to the Class. In addition, the Defendants contend that a settlement that they reached with the State of California bars this action in its entirety. The Defendants have asserted various additional defenses.

The Notice is not intended to be, and should not be construed as, an expression of any opinion by the Court with respect to the truth of the allegations in the lawsuit or the merits of the claims or defenses asserted. The sole purpose of this Notice is to inform you of the pendency of this Lawsuit so that you may make an informed decision as to whether you wish to remain in or opt out of the Class. Plaintiffs will be required to prove their claims at a trial set to begin on May 14, 2002.

##### You May Exclude Yourself from the Class.

You have a choice whether or not to remain a member of the Class. To remain a member of the Class, YOU NEED NOT DO ANYTHING AT THIS TIME. As a Class member you will be bound by all orders of the Court whether favorable or unfavorable, and this case will resolve any claims against the Defendants you have concerning the allegations summarized in this Notice. If the Class is successful, then you will be able to participate in any recovery obtained. If, however, any judgment is rendered in favor of the Defendants, then you will not receive any recovery. Further, if you remain in the Class, you will be barred from asserting the same claims against the Defendants in any future lawsuit you bring as an individual. (i.e., any unfair competition claim under California Business & Professions Code §17200 based on the acts as alleged in the complaint). You also have the right to seek the Court's permission to intervene or appear in the action as a named Class co-representative and to render an appearance through your own counsel.

If you do not wish to remain a member of the Class, you must state that you wish to "opt-out" in writing to the address listed below postmarked by November 19, 2001. If you opt-out (exclude) yourself, you cannot obtain any recovery obtained on behalf of the Class and you will not be bound by any Court orders or judgments. To exclude yourself, you must write to: Gilardi & Co., P.O. Box 8040, San Rafael, CA 94912-8040. The request should also state your date of birth.

If you are currently over the age of 18, the request should be signed by you, with your name, address, and date of birth printed below your signature. If you are currently a minor, under the age of 18, the request should be signed by your parent or legal guardian, with both your name and your parent or legal guardian's name printed below the signature, along with your date of birth. If you do not make a timely request for exclusion in the manner specified, you will remain in the class and be bound by the judgment in the case.

To obtain more information including a more extensive version of this Notice, call toll free 1-800-793-9998 or visit the website at [www.bamlawca.com](http://www.bamlawca.com). PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT THE COURT.

Dated: September 10, 2001.

[www.bamlawca.com](http://www.bamlawca.com)  
1-800-793-9998

By:  
Honorable Ronald S. Prager  
Judge of the Superior Court



## Emeritus College, from page 4

Sitting in Dr. Hauptmann's office the next day, she wondered what her chances were. Six foot, grey-haired, slightly stooped, he came into the examining room carrying her file. After he checked her, his eyes had a look of sadness. He shook his head.

"Doesn't look good, Julie." Even as a senior medical man, he had never found an easy way to give this kind of prognosis. "But we have a new technique here at Sloan that we would like to try out on you. It's a combination of radiation and surgery."

He offered no choices; she would have to have another colostomy which might or might not be permanent.

Julie put her faith in God and her surgeon. After three weeks, she left the hospital for a long recuperation.

Seasons passed. The warm glow of fall colors turned into winter whites. Spring flowers burst from their seeds and bulbs. Myriads of color splashed across the landscape. The cancer stayed in remission.

In December, Dr. Hauptmann finally decided to close the colostomy, but on the day she was scheduled for surgery pre-operative x-rays showed a tiny spot not healing properly. The operation was never performed.

Chill air swirled around her as she left the hospital. Soaring above her in the winter sky, birds in elegant patterns flew southward.

Transferred to a hospital nearer her home, she became an outpatient. When her body had been exposed to its limit of radiation, she fought to continue, but her doctors refused.

Each day was a gift she unwrapped slowly. She insisted on a daily walk if no snow had fallen and the sidewalks were clear. Her eyes took in everything: firewood stacked under tarps for protection, unpainted fences waiting for spring, children playing in their yards bundled up to their noses. She cherished all signs of living, all things promised.

She looked forward to visits from her family, but they suspected Tyler regarded them as somewhat of an interruption. He had his house rules, especially after her condition worsened.

"Only one visitor in the room at a time. No loud talking. No remarks about her looking better today than yesterday."

Her sister, Fran, called Tyler to say she was free and could stay as long as needed. While speaking with him, she heard a click signaling that someone had picked up the receiver.

"Julie is that you?" she asked.

"Yes, it's me." Her voice sounded weak.

"How are you dear?"

"Not good." She recognized her sister's voice.

"When are you coming to see me?"

"Today, I'll be there today." She knew Tyler hadn't hung up. "Tyler are you still on the line? I'm on my way."

He hung up.

As the drive from Providence, where the family lived, to Bradford only took about two hours, Fran arrived that afternoon. Tyler met her in the driveway, coffee cup in one hand, cigarette in the other. "Prepare yourself, but don't let her know you think she looks bad," he said.

He began a running commentary on treatment costs, drug costs, nurses visits, medical insurance payments,... "You wouldn't believe the mistakes these people make. I spend hours going over these bills"

Handing Fran his coffee cup, he picked up her suitcase and headed for the house, stopping in the living room to put out his cigarette before going in to see Julie.

She lay propped up in a hospital bed that faced a large t.v. set. Fran recognized a bureau and writing desk as being furniture Julie had inherited from their mother. She had seen them before, but they had been in another part of the house.

Tyler pointed to a chart thumbtacked to the back of the bedroom door. Medication schedules, payment schedules, more payment schedules, names, dates, amounts. "Just takes a little organization." As his lists grew so did his intake of antacids.

The house had begun to show signs of neglect. Floors lost their shine, window panes were no longer invisible, magazines piled up, the family room in the basement smelled musty because he would forget to turn on the humidifier. "I can manage," he continued to insist. If Fran heard him coming while she was vacuuming, she'd hurry to put it in the closet before he came in the room.

She was surprised he allowed her to cook, although Julie ate very little. She lived on bites and nibbles except when, every now and then, she'd get a craving for something. One time it was roast turkey. When Fran brought her a plate, she just picked at it and pushed it away.

"Thanks Fran it looks delicious." Suddenly she giggled. "I finally get my own personal chef and I lose my appetite."

She slept with the drapes open so she could see the morning sun and evening stars, the clouds and the clear skies, the calm and stormy days.

The television played constantly. She'd force her mind to concentrate on game shows during the day. At night, with the volume down, a low and rhythmic hum lulled her to sleep. Tyler had, long ago, ceased to turn it off. The instant the sound stopped she woke up.

Medication to dull the pain helped less and less. Some she refused to take.

"Why?" Tyler asked the doctor.

"She wants to be in charge of her own life." He

patted Tyler on the shoulder.

Suppositories sometimes controlled the awful retching that came after eating or drinking the smallest amount. Other times she would double her body into the fetal position and roll from side to side, arms folded over her stomach. She was reaching the end of her endurance.

A light snow fell the morning the ambulance arrived. The two attendants who carried the collapsible gurney into the house left their footprints in the soft white powder that covered the front walk.

Tyler watched from the bedroom door as one of the medics lifted Julie up as if she were weightless. With one hand she held her blue robe close to her neck, with the other she held the sash tied in a knot.

He gently placed her on the gurney, moved her hands to her sides, and tucked the blanket all around her. She couldn't move.

Tyler followed the gurney to the ambulance. Before climbing in, he turned and raised his hand toward Fran standing in the doorway of the house. She waited until the ambulance had turned the corner of the street before she closed the door.

Spots showed on the living room rug; they were damp to the touch.

She turned off the television in Julie's room and stripped the bed. The sheets were still warm. She pulled the thumbtacks from the chart on the back of the bedroom door, catching it before it fell to the floor. She closed the drapes.

Julie died two days later; just as dawn broke through the darkness of night. As her life ebbed away, so did pain and anxiety. The feeling of rest that comes after a long journey passed over her. She looked at Fran.

"Where's Tyler?" she whispered.

**Creative Writing  
Emeritus Program**

## Hartnell College CHOIR

It's Never too Late to Sing!

We rehearse MWF from 12 until 12:50, but we can be flexible if you can't make it to every rehearsal. We welcome any student or staff member.

Our group includes all ages and singing types!

831.755.6804



## DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

(Day Of The Dead)

By Martin Vargas Garcia

A celebration observed in Mexico and other Latin American countries on November 1st and 2nd to honor the spirits of the deceased, Day of Dead has been celebrated since the pre-Columbian era and, with the arrival of the Spaniards, was adopted by the Roman Catholic Church.

This tradition varies from region to region, some families may clean and decorate the graves of deceased family members others families, in their homes, construct elaborate offerings (Ofrendas), tables of food and drinks for the spirits. Some of the offerings are selected with the spirit of a family member in mind, which include dishes the deceased person enjoyed in life. The most common flower used in this occasion is the cempasuchil or flor de muerto (flower of the dead, marigold) and decorations of papel picado (tissue paper cut).

Skulls made of sugar displaying different names are sold in many markets, many people construct papier-mâché skeletons and skulls, they are arranged in a manner to tell a story, most of the time social or political satire. Day of the Dead has no relation to Halloween. Day of the Dead represents an invitation to one's deceased to return to commune with the living for one day.

### BAILANDO CON LA MUERTE III

A multicultural Community Celebration for El Dia de los Muertos the Day of the Dead, curated by Patricia Triumpho Sullivan

Patricia Triumpho Sullivan is a well-known Salinas Artist with a background in ceramics, sculpture and photography. She started working about three years ago with papier-mâché for her first exhibition on DIA DE LOS MUERTOS. In this exhibition everything was her own work and there she found out that there was a lot of interest on this topic in the community, as well with the kids in the elementary schools where she volunteers teaching art. With all this in hand, she was asked by the director of the Hartnell College Gallery, Gary Smith to organize this as an annual event for the community to participate and submit artwork for the exhibition. For the first time, the event will be coordinated with the National Steinbeck Center, Pajaro Valley Art Council and CSUMB in a coalition to make it a regional festival and making sure all events fall on different nights. Patricia said, "every culture has their own

way to commemorate their ancestors and this celebration was a good way to get all cultures together, to keep our ancestors alive in our memory and in our heart". One of Patricia's concerns is to make children understand that death is part of the cycle of life and there is nothing to be afraid of.

**BAILANDO CON LA MUERTE** (Dancing with death) also signifies our struggle to comprehend cultural differences, the metaphor of dancing best described as an experience with a culture other than our own, one may learn a step, however to grasp the essence, one must dig deeper in a self examination of one's own cultural beliefs.

**BAILANDO CON LA MUERTE III** Is a three-week showing of multicultural ofrendas and altars, mixed media, sculpture, paintings, photographs and poetry inspired by the Mexican tradition of EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS. This collection of folk art and poetry is made possible by generous contributions from the community, local artist, students, volunteers, the Hartnell College Foundation, and ARTISTAS UNIDOS-ARTIST UNITED, a multicultural, multi-disciplinary arts organization serving the Monterey County.

Various cultural groups, students, and artists from our community constructed the ofrendas. This celebration features two evening events with live music by mariachi groups, poetry readings, and performance of balet folklórico and Aztec dance groups. **NIGHT OF FRIDAS**, a Frida Kahlo look alike contest will be held on Wednesday, October 31 from 7pm to 9pm. Refreshments will be served and the public is welcome. Admission is free.

**ARTIST RECEPTION:** Thursday, November 1 from 7pm to 9pm, Hartnell College Gallery in the visual Arts Building, facing Alisal Street. Gallery hours are: Monday-Friday 10am - 8pm. For more information call (831) 758-9126

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## Student Journalists Go Pro

Hartnell College journalism students are making a habit of turning professional ... even while still in school.

That was the lucky break that befell Danielle Pritchard, student editor and president of the journalism club. When an employee left the Monterey County Post, Danielle stepped in. She works part-time while continuing her journalism studies.

Karen Yee, one of last year's most significant contributors to the Sentinel, is now working full time in journalism. When instructor Jon

Guthrie got a call from the Watsonville Pajaronia-Register asking if he could refer a talented writer, he suggested Karen. Karen is now working as a reporter.

Lori Attardi still has her job as a weekly columnist and she continues to help with the Sentinel, but she's also taking classes at San Jose State.

Lee Leakey, former Hartnell student and Heald College graduate, holds down the position of head graphics designer for the Monterey County Post.

## The Tabby's Tale!

by Lori Attardi

**What do you do when you want a new challenge with which to practice the brain-power involved with writing skills? Well ... here's one with which a writing student challenged herself.**

Torti the Tortoiseshell traveled through town to talk to Tom the Tabby. Torti trotted through tunnels, traversed tall trees, traveled tough terrain to teeter to Tom the Tabby's territory.

Tom the Tabby took the train to Tinytill - the town Torti traveled through - to tell Torti traveling tough terrain took tonsa thy time than taking the train.

Torti told Tom: "Traveling tough terrain, trotting through tunnels, traversing tall trees takes tonsa time."

Tom told Torti: "There's Traveling Tidbits Tavern to tempt the thirst that traveling tolled."

Torti told Tom: "That's terrific! Treats tame the thirst till tiredness tamed."

Torti, Tom traveled together to Traveling Tidbits Tavern to take treats. They trampled the tavern's tile to treat themselves to tidbits.

Torti told Tom: "These tantalizing treats titillate thy taste - tame thy thirst."

Tom told Torti: "The treats 'tis terrific to tame tiresome thirst."

Tom, Torti then traversed two towns - Tiger Town, Tinytill - to Torti's territory.

Tom told Torti: "'Tis terrific temple to tend to."

Torti told Tom: "Thy temple 'tis terrific territory to tamper."

Torti, Tom traversed tall trees to take tree tidbits. They took the treats to Torti's Territory to tear tons times till tiny tidbits. Torti, Tom tasted the treats.

Torti told Tom: "These treats titillate thy tummy."

Tom told Torti: "The tidbits tantalize thy taste - thy tummy."

Together, Torti the Tortoiseshell, Tom the Tabby traveled the town, traversed tall trees, trotted through tunnels, traveled through tough terrain two times to taste Traveling Tidbits Tavern's treats - to taste the tall tree's tidbits - 'tis Torti's territory. That's the tales tintillating termination!

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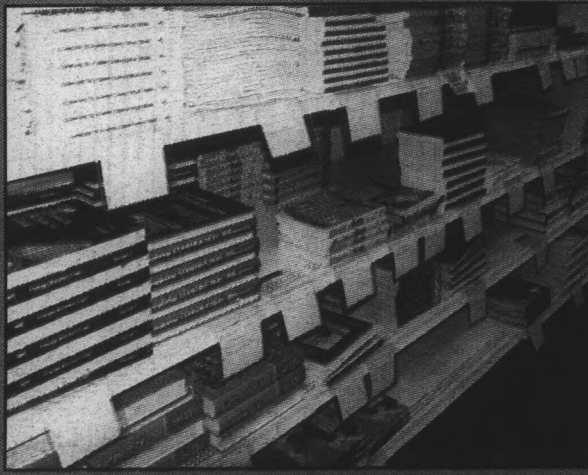
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Photos by Lori Attardi

Hartnell Bookstore open over new management



# HARTNELL COLLEGE

Salinas - King City

Fall Semester, 2001 - Issue Two

*Panther*

Publication



Students Prepared  
For Exams?  
Page 4



Maya Cinemas  
Coming Soon!  
Page 6



Our Campus  
Security!  
Page 3

Also: Is There a Skeleton in Your Closet? Home and the Hills!  
Message from the President's Office!  
Terrorism - What Can We Do? And Much More!

Happy Holidays!



*Message from the President's Office...*  
**PROVIDING LEARNING SERVICES FOR  
 LOCAL INDUSTRIES,  
 BUSINESSES, AND GOVERNMENT.**

**A**nother semester is coming to an end. For me, this has been one of the most progressive semester's ever. All over campus, I've seen signs of cooperative interactions, growth, and improved services. I've seen people hard at work who really care about our students and our mission. I've taken great pride in the many new, innovative programs and services to meet professional and personal goals.

Among the many programs in which we can all take pride, I'd like to take a minute to mention our Workforce and Community Development Center. This is a very special program because it emphasizes training programs for local industry, business, and government. It will continue its outstanding performance in offering personal development courses and leisure activities important to all members of our community.

Have you had the opportunity to look through *Pathways*, the publication of the Workforce and Community Development team? Therein are listed a dynamic array of activities, courses, training programs, and special events. We hope you pick up a *Pathways* and take a close look at the vast assortment of our courses in computer, recreation, vocational, and

professional development.

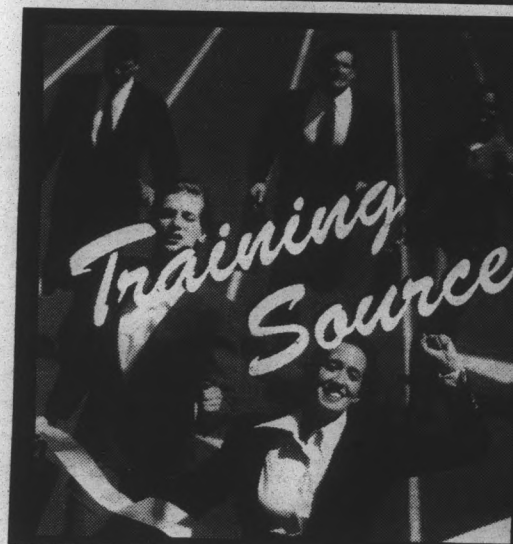
One of the programs is titled "The Supervisory Academy at Hartnell College." This offering comprises twelve training modules. Training and activities focus on interpersonal communications, team building, productivity, conflict management, and employee motivation. This, in turn, helps make each participant more effective as an employee.

There's a lot more, of course. Here are as divergent a group of short course and special events as you'll find anywhere. Want to learn the fundamentals of umpiring and referring sporting events? Find out how to better to plan your wedding? Transfer black and white photos into color? These are all among the offerings of the Workforce and Community Development Center at Hartnell College. We hope you'll help pass the word along on what's available for local industry, business, and government.

Meanwhile, have a very merry holiday. We look forward to welcoming you back next semester.

*Edward J. Voleau*

Edward J. Voleau  
 President/Superintendent  
 Hartnell College



Workforce &  
 Community  
 Development Center

Short Courses  
 and  
 Special Events!  
 for  
 Local Business,  
 Industry, and  
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**Editorial**

**Terrorism - What Can We Do?**

**A**n oil man who controls a significant percentage of the oil in the Mid-East, leaves his son hundreds of millions, if not billions of dollars. The son, vehemently opposed to the occupation of Afghanistan by the USSR, comes to the United States. The son is trained by the CIA in terrorism.

He returns, after his training, to fight the U.S.S.R. The son is promised air support and weapons. In a battle, depending on the assurances of the United States, a huge portion of his guerrillas are wiped out because the support never arrives.

The son's name is bin Laden, and — from his perspective — he now has another enemy: the United States. He reportedly keeps his vast wealth in numbered Swiss bank accounts. Part of the immigration law comprises the Visa Act, which allows immigrants to effectively go to the first of the line in return for investing a few hundred thousand dollars into an American business.

Bin Laden has sponsored people coming into the United States under the Visa Act for a

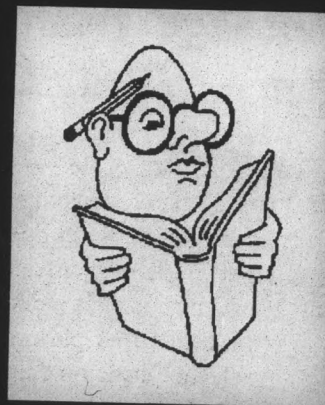
decade now. Exactly how many of his terrorists have infiltrated the United States is not known. One of his terrorist plans is apparently to incite economic havoc via these infiltrators.

When bin Laden speaks, radicals listen. He can create terror simply by spreading rumors that he plans to attack ... well, whatever. High security protocols snap into place, costing us millions of dollars.

What is to be learned from all this? While our armed forces are fighting the "war" against terrorism overseas, what can we do here at home? Perhaps we should be fighting our own war here at home. Perhaps we should be paying more attention to activities like "Diversity" week held here on campus. Perhaps learning to know, understand, and appreciate each other—never mind race, creed, religion, or politics — is the best way of all to help make certain that more bin Ladens are not part of our future.

**Danielle Pritchard**

**Panther Note:** Danielle is a Hartnell student who previously spent time in the Middle East working as a staff member at an American embassy.



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give you good reason to learn a lot more about...

# Our Campus Security

by Edward Brown

The Hartnell Campus Safety Program provides an invaluable service. From handling lost and found to keeping watch over students moving to and from classes, security is the chief responsibility of the Hartnell Campus Safety Program.

Vic Collins is the Coordinator of the Campus Safety Staff. A retired Salinas Police Chief, Mr. Collins is exceptionally well qualified for the program with which he has been associated since 1973. What sort of track record has the safety program accrued during that time? Mr. Collins informed me that during those twenty-eight years there has never been a violent crime at Hartnell. That is an outstanding track record that should make everyone feel confident in our Campus Safety Program's ability to deter crime and provide a safe and peaceful learning environment - and in Mr. Collins' skill in directing the program.

The primary mission of the Campus Safety Program is to observe and to report. The staff is equipped with telephone / radios that are state of the art. For the very best possible communications, Hartnell's maintenance team and the custodial staff are also equipped with radios. Maintenance and custodial personnel are ready to lend assistance if assistance is needed.

**Its presence on campus represents a strong deterrent to crime.**

The Campus Safety Staff is on the job seven days a week. Among those staff members is Ms

Arlene Mendoza. Ms Mendoza, who is assigned to the Hartnell Campus by her primary employer, First Alarm Security & Patrol, is on duty every school day from 8 until 4. At 4, she is relieved by another security officer.

Ms Mendoza says that she enjoys her job thoroughly. She likes having so many friends among the students, staff, and faculty. Some of her friends often drop by the Security Office, located in the College Center building, just to say "Hi" and chat for a minute. The only drawback to her work, Ms Mendoza said, is that sometimes she gets tired out from the long walks around campus.

What happens if Ms Mendoza spots something out of the ordinary? If the problem is not serious, Ms Mendoza would contact the appropriate office on campus. If the problem seemed serious, however, she would make direct contact with the Salinas Police Department. Located only a few blocks

away, a Salinas police officer can respond in a matter of minutes.

Although our Campus Safety Staff is not a direct enforcement program, their presence on campus represents a strong deterrent to crime. Just knowing someone is there, alert and watching, makes trouble-makers think twice.

Another role played by Campus Safety, much a role many consider less popular, is to supervise parking at the college. While possibly unpopular, parking enforcement is important. With more than seven thousand students attending classes and only nine hundred parking spaces, parking is always a relevant issue on campus. How does campus safety help keep parking problems in check?

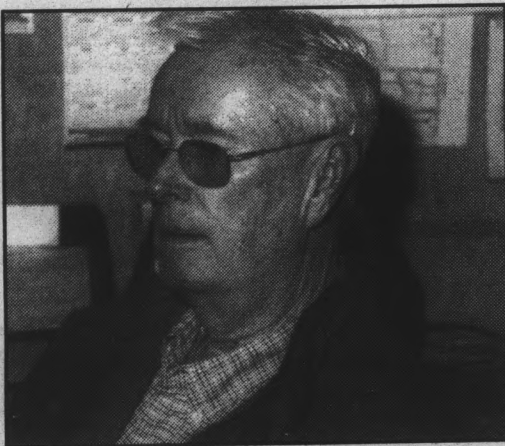
Campus Safety personnel frequently patrol the parking lots, paying special attention to the handicapped parking areas. If your permit is not visible you will get a ticket and that means paying a fine that can be hefty in relationship to a student's budget. If you get a ticket, don't bother complaining to campus security. After a ticket has been issued, there's nothing they can do. You either have to pay or follow the instructions on the ticket in order to appeal.

These parking patrols, by the way, are more than just a quest to issue parking tickets. They are security patrols that play a large part in establishing an element of security on campus. These regular parking patrols are considered the number one deterrent to criminal activity on campus, the most common of which involve petty theft and vandalism. Fortunately, Hartnell College students are almost never involved. Most trouble is caused by people who are not students. Hartnell is also fortunate to have an ideal location for a peaceful campus. This is not a rural area frequented by local hoodlums.

**Hartnell Campus Safety is here to provide service!**

Hartnell Campus Safety is much more than our eyes and ears against crime. They also assist with medical emergencies, and perform numerous tasks on a daily basis, with our best interests always in mind. Vic Collins- Retired Salinas Police Chief and long time Campus Safety Program Coordinator, proudly stated: "I like to think of our people as goodwill ambassadors. We are here to assist the students, the faculty, and the staff." This statement should not be taken lightly. During my conversation with Mr. Collins, two students approached the Campus Safety Office with problems concerning

Please turn to page 6



**Vic Collins**

**The former Salinas Police Chief is now our Director of Campus Safety**



What evolves, involves you, when you're exhausted from a late business meeting, when you dig in the garden, when you diligently finish washing your car, and it starts to rain. For me, that means my home, that means ...

## The Hills

By Jocelyne Ampon

I'm awakened each morning by a warm hug of sunshine as the branches of the oak trees brush against the shell of my house. The uncomposed rhythm of dried leaves falling as the hum of the wind carries them to rest greet me a good morning. Stepping onto my porch, a touch of cold air tickles me. I bend down to grab The Californian when the sound of water being spitted from a nozzle invades the sleepy silence, and is soon followed by the sound of other sprits of water, that echo throughout the hills. A sort of liquid symphony. I figured by the unsynchronized timers of the neighborhood sprinkler systems, the time must be a couple of minutes ahead or behind six o'clock.

Gazing through the mist, I see scattered rays of light on patches of moss, feathered birds' wings and on minute balls of fur that crawl and purr following their mother's tail. The weather never fails when you are here. If it is foggy and dreary in town, odds are, the atmosphere is still as nice as it was that morning in this part of my world.

**I know what I see everyday is taken for granted, for not everyone can consider watching families of quail sprint from one bush to another or deer feeding off lush greens or even finding lizards napping in the shadows.**

My childhood friend lives down the street. Both of us spent our entire young lives together on the outskirts of town, up where the sun always shines. She and I named it the hills, others joke and say it's the boonies. It's a silent part of the valley that people dare to be under a full moon. I've had my share of scares living here, which include faint shadows, ringing chimes... where there is no breeze, and sudden swarms of bees, but through the hustle of modern technology, I wouldn't have wanted to grow up anywhere else.

The crisp smell of acorns and pine needles clears my mind. The gobble of wild turkeys bid me farewell before I leave for school. Usually my car does its part in guiding me down to the main street through steep roads that weave through houses, parked RVs, and puddles of rain. Living in the hills means being a cautious driver. Once in a while a fawn, a raccoon, and a skunk or a mountain lion will sneak up on you while your headlights are on high beam, as if they want to be

in the spotlight.

It isn't often you get to experience the world you call home, especially when you leave early and come home late. However, it is in those times you slowly rock back and forth on your porch that what evolves around you is appreciated. What evolves, involves you, when you're exhausted from a late business meeting, when you dig in the garden, when you diligently finish washing your car, and it starts to rain.

I doubt my parents would believe me if I told them I would be content living in a crowded city, in an apartment with a single square window with the view of a building next door. Together with a collection of store-bought flowers on my windowsill serving as my only access to plant life. I had been searching for a preferred university with a preferred community, and the possibility of living in a metropolis to further my education and my horizons was brought up.

You would miss this place too much, my parents said, for my happiness being served in such an environment seems unlikely. It isn't necessarily that I would not want to live anywhere else, but the thought of having to drive miles down the road just to be around wild animals and native trees comes to me as absurd.

The trees, the dragonflies, the soft trickle of rainwater after a spring shower in the canyon below is my safety. It is the relieved, unquestionable sigh I make each time I come home that lets me know I've survived the world. Just the sight of the hills in its shining golden armor assures me I can sleep at night. I would rather roam around skunks that defensively eject a punch in the nose surprise and silent carnivorous mountain lions than to be on a busy street corner waiting for the WALK sign, while locals habitually stride between oncoming vehicles in their hurry to reach the sidewalk twenty feet away. This is for the time being, anyway.

I am my home. I know what I see everyday is taken for granted, for not everyone can consider watching families of quail sprint from one bush to another or deer feeding off lush greens or even finding lizards napping in the shadows, a part of their morning scenery. Once you have lived in the hills for as long as I have it grows on you, and stays with you no matter where you are. It's a taste of the past and of the future. It's where bird meets airplane, horse meets Jeep. It's what I call, home sweet home.

Falling in love is one of the greatest privileges of being human. Love shared is delight, ecstasy, union, and happiness. On the other hand, love unrequited can create the most horrid of emotions. What happens after you see someone you truly want to love and don't know if there's reciprocity? Writer Jessie speaks from personal experience in telling about ...

## A Girl Who's Dazzling!

By Jessie

One Tuesday morning in July, I saw a beautiful girl on campus. She walked down cement steps with a purpose; her flowing brown hair danced in the sun. As she approached the last step, she glanced in my direction. She had the confidence of a tiger. Her outfit exuberantly boasted a flawless combination of sexy and conservative. I was electrified. She could only be described as amazing.

I continued on to the cafeteria to get some breakfast: orange juice and a banana. It was the first week of school and I was feeling pretty enthusiastic, but something peculiar was happening. My breakfast was more delicious than usual. The sky was bluer, the trees taller, and even the insects seemed to be in a cheerful mood. I could feel the sun reflecting from the stars in my eyes.

I finished my breakfast and headed toward my first day of English. I entered the classroom, looked around for a seat and ... there she was! I had to catch my breath. She was preparing for class. The room had twelve tables; each designed to accommodate three students. I was early, and there were plenty of seats available, but somehow the one right next to her seemed to be reserved for me. I kept my cool and hardly even spoke to her as I slipped into the seat beside her.

As the days passed, I began to get to know her. She



has the voice of an angel, but she is more than just charming; she is amazing. The topics she chose in class always had real meaning. She put thought and feeling into everything she wrote. I admire her goal to become a teacher. My best friend is a teacher, and after college I also plan to teach. More than her goals, I admire the daily acts of dedication she exhibits in achieving these goals. She is a role model and an inspiration.

It is not uncommon to see a pretty girl walking across campus, but the roots of what makes a person beautiful run far deeper than mere physical attributes. Personality

Please turn to page 5



The word on suicide is not good. More and more people, particularly of college age, are attempting to end their own lives. Each and everyone of us should do everything possible to...

## Help Prevent Suicides

The new Encarta Dictionary defines the word suicide bluntly and with little fanfare: "The act of deliberately killing yourself." For the survivors of suicide victims there's a lot more involved. Amidst the pain, the anguish, the seeming inequity of it all, one question becomes all-important: why?

Why, indeed. So often there seems no real reason for having ended life, for having severed connections with loved ones. As for one young woman (we'll call her Becky) whose boyfriend was about to graduate from college, there is no understandable, clearly identifiable reason (is there ever?), only mystery.

Becky traveled to Palo Alto to plan the wedding that would take place a week after the groom-to-be's graduation.

"Everything seemed so perfect, so warm and glowing," she said. "Jimmy may have seemed quiet at times, but I thought nothing about this. He seemed more contemplative than down. That's the way he often was. He stared off into space like he was solving riddles or something."

Becky returned to Salinas. The next day, early in the morning, she got a phone call from Jim's mother, Lucile. "Jimmy's dead," she said (how do you handle such news tactfully?) "His roommate found him late last night."

**Neither Becky nor Jimmy's mother, neither friends nor roommates could fathom any real reason for Jimmy to have taken his own life.**

Jimmy had stepped from the home he shared with other students, slipped into the dimness of a garage used for storage, slipped a rope over a rafter, fashioned a noose, and hanged himself ... sometime around midnight ... only an hour or so after Becky's return to Salinas. Neither Becky nor Jimmy's moth-

er, neither friends nor roommates could fathom any real reason for Jimmy to have taken his own life. His grades were quite satisfactory. He got along well with classmates and teachers. He enjoyed sculpting and painting in oils ... which may have offered the only clue to a darkness brewing like a winter storm somewhere within Jimmy's mind.

His sculptures and painting were dark, brooding, sometimes grotesque. They were, it seemed afterward, to be cries for help. "If only we had known what to look for," his mother said. "Perhaps we could have reached out and helped our son before it was too late."

In Salinas, Steve, Sharon, and Natalie Culver one day received news equally heart-breaking. Their loved one, Jay Charles, Steve and Sharon's son, Natalie's brother, had died by his own hand, a suicide victim whose earlier drawings and other art may also have echoed with his cries for help. Perhaps Jay Charles was calling out and no one knew how to hear.

How can such tragedies be prevented? How can parents and others learn to recognize

the signs that may precede suicide? Steve, Sharon, and Natalie Culver decided to do what they could. Together, they founded the Jay Charles Culver Association for Suicide Prevention and Awareness, a non-profit, public benefit corporation.

Now, you can help with this very important work ... both contributions and volunteer assistance are needed and welcomed.

"This is a family-style event," said Sharon Culver. "We'd like to get more families involved in this very important work."

**Note: For more information on how to get involved in suicide prevention check the web at [www.bash@realdesign.net](http://www.bash@realdesign.net) or telephone 831.758.9465. Reprinted with permission of the Monterey County Post.**

**For Suicide Prevention Assistance  
Dial Toll Free  
877.663.5433**



**Sherry Culver**

**Co-founder of Suicide Prevention Program.**

A former Hartnell student now transferred to San Jose State draws from her interest in Russian history to create ...

## A Russian Riddle



**Remember Anastasia,  
The daughter of the tsar?  
The Anastasia puzzled over near and far?  
Did Anastasia survive  
When the Romonov family met its demise  
Riddled with Bolshevik bullets?  
The Romonov family was finished  
By Bolsheviks firing munitions,  
But legend has it  
That Anastasia dodged death  
And made her way  
To a much safer place.  
Was it possible that she escaped  
The bloodshed that was to be her fate?  
Or did she die  
The same awful way  
That her family died that day?**

**Lori Attardi**

### **Dazzling Girl, from page 5**

is what makes someone truly attractive. A girl with a good sense of humor has a much prettier smile. A girl, who is confident and intelligent is sexier than one who is not. A girl, who is caring and compassionate, is more adorable than all the rest. These are the things that make a person beautiful, and the more I got to know her, the more I realized she had them all.

I always looked forward to English class. The weekends didn't seem to go by fast enough. I was always anxious to see her. I used to hope our English professor would call on her, just so I could hear her voice. I tried to be funny, just to see her smile. I hesitated with putting "the moves" on her. She has a lot of class. I hoped we would become friends; we have I think. I waited for us to discover some common interests, but I do not press any issues. She has all of my respect, and I won't do anything to lose hers.

I envy the guy to whom she chooses to give her attention if this is not to be me. In time, the feelings I have for her will either fade into a memory or shine as brightly as the stars.

The outcome rests in my hands ... and hers. I believe in her and us. I only hope she has the desire to believe in me as well.



Campus Security, from page 3

missing keys and lost books.

These issues are significant. When you lose something that is important to you, or something is stolen from you, you need help in getting it back. Seven days a week Hartnell Campus Safety is here to provide service. Simple tasks such as: unlocking doors, acting as the college's switchboard on weekends, and providing a reliable lost and found, are huge conveniences that should not be taken for granted.

The next time you see a member of



**Arlene Mendoza**  
Campus Security Officer

Hartnell Campus Safety, give him or her a pat on the back, and let him or her know they are appreciated. One day it may be you who is the victim of theft or vandalism. It may be you that is approached by a suspicious stranger in the parking lot. You have the responsibility of maintaining situational awareness, but you also have the confidence that a member of Hartnell Campus Safety is always nearby.

**A Panther's Note:** Here's a tip of the Panther's cap to Our Hartnell College Campus Safety Program staff: Vic Collins, Mario Cajero, Arlene Mendoza, Eric Bartel, Ignacio Rico, Elias Clemente, Ramon Moreno.



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The Salinas City Council recently approved plans to continue work on a giant project that is expected to breath new life into Oldtown Salinas. Jocelyne Ampon, with other journalism students, attended the meeting as a field-trip exercise. Here's Jocelyne's report on this exciting project.

## A 14-Screen Theater Complex... coming to a location near you!

By Jocelyne A. Ampon

Oldtown Salinas will be welcoming its new neighbor, the Maya Cinemas Movie Theater Complex soon. If everything proceeds according to plan, the official ground-breaking will take place during the spring of next year. With much anticipation, locals are ready for the energy and life that the 14-screen complex will bring back to Salinas' historic downtown area.

The theater will be facing west on the 100 block of Main Street. That's just before the Steinbeck Center with which the theater will be neighbors. The facility is quite large and will stretch between South Main Street to Monterey Street.

There will be a passenger drop off area in the front of the theater and adjacent to it will be the proposed five-story parking structure that will accommodate over 400 vehicles.

The proposed theater complex is designed to fit with the oldtown feel of mid-century ambiance. The ROMA Design Group, which has worked on projects for Santa Cruz and Santa Monica, plans to keep the facade of the ole Crystal Theater and will incorporate architecture that will reveal a look similar to early twentieth century movie palaces. While the exterior will prove to be stunning, the interior will be nothing less with modern amenities such as retractable cupholders, stadium seating, high-back chairs, large restrooms, and of course picture and sound quality to match.

One screen will be devoted to films  
with dialogue in Spanish.

Founder of Maya Cinemas, Moctesuma Esparza

expressed at the Salinas City Council meeting on November 13, that the theater will be as valuable to the community as it will be for the moviegoer. Other than a place to catch a movie, he presented other motives to bring the cinema into Salinas such as management training programs available to theater employees, GPA student awards, and scholarships.

For aspiring filmmakers and independent film aficionados, a screen will be devoted to showcasing market-driven films such as those with dialogue presented in Spanish.

Having a movie theater will reinforce downtown Salinas as a gathering place and business in Oldtown shops and restaurants is expected to increase as well. In

the years to come, nightlife in downtown Salinas won't be active just during special occasions, but on a daily basis.



The Maya theaters complex will occupy almost an entire block of Main Street in Oldtown Salinas.

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The Author of this poem tells the story of a relationship perceived as failing when a relationship partner fails to give freely, love openly, and to reassure that all is well. We should all study this message and learn from it ... as one someone did!

## Death of a Relationship

Do you remember when we met?  
When you entered me  
The first  
And second and third time?  
You read my dreams to me.  
Wrote your name on my heart.  
You were funny  
and memorable.  
A good companion, an easy  
friend.  
The last spin bloomed to a single moment,  
Which nothing prepared me for.  
Took me to the edge,  
Blew out all the candles  
And our last match.  
Then the casual cruelties  
The ultimate dismissal.  
I was afraid  
Of having reached the end.  
C for corruption  
E for exploitation

My tears  
My obsession  
I felt the life sliding out of me.  
The window became the tattoo  
I had been too frightened to see.  
I hung on like death -  
Such waltzing was not easy.  
There came a moment where  
Turning away from something  
Meant turning toward  
Something else.  
Every answer buried  
Beneath the corpse of  
An unasked  
Question.  
Sadness, yes, loss.  
My memory might be  
A pile of broken glass.  
Each shard glinted like  
The ruined fireflies  
Of our past.

Lori Attardi

## Skeletons In The Closet? A Fanciful Confession

Skeletons in the closet? Why, everybody has them. Yes, those dirty little secrets residing deep within the recesses of our minds, these are the ignominies we let no other people know about. These are our skeletons.

Sometimes they are awful childhood memories. Sometimes they are family horrors. Sometimes they are delinquent acts, questionable acts we partook of in the past. Usually, people would much rather forget that these skeletons even exist. Maybe, by suppressing them from our minds, they will go away. We can then have a clean slate with which to start anew. As if all our dirty laundry will disappear, and we then our new paths to better and more productive lives.

However, my belief is that the dirty linens that clutter our minds are valuable assets. These nagging events from our past lives help build human character. The trying times build our inner strength thus providing the experiences that make us as wise as sages. Therefore, people should cherish the hard times, instead of being ashamed of them; embrace them and learn from them; instead of hiding and attempting to forget them.

Besides, I think my skeletons are kind of cute. My skeletons hang in my closet, suspended from coat hangers. They watch over all my dirty laundry ... which I will try to get around to washing next week.

Lori Attardi

## Student Journalists Go Pro

Hartnell College journalism students are making a habit of turning professional ... even while still in school.

That was the lucky break that befell Danielle Pritchard, student editor and president of the journalism club. When an employee left the Monterey County Post, Danielle stepped in. She now works part-time while continuing her journalism studies.

Karen Yee, one of last year's most significant contributors to the *Sentinel*, is now working full time in journalism. When instructor Jon

Guthrie got a call from the Watsonville Pajaronian-Register asking if he could refer a talented writer, he suggested Karen. Karen is now working as a reporter.

Lori Attardi still has her job as a weekly columnist and she continues to contribute to the *Sentinel*, but she's now focusing on upper-division studies at San Jose State.

Lee Leahey, former Hartnell student and Heald College graduate, holds down the position of head graphics designer for the Monterey County Post.

Here's a poetical look at one writer's vision of the journey through life.

## My Life

When I was a child, just playing  
with toys,  
I thought of nothing but life's simple joys.  
Frolic and play filled every day,  
And the future was endless before me.  
When I was a boy, bicycles and such  
Were all the things I relished so much.  
I played make-believe; such plots I could weave!  
And the future was endless before me.  
When I was a teen, in adolescence,  
My toys and the games no longer made sense.  
Girls filled my dreams with devilous schemes.  
And the future was endless before me.  
When as a young man, just off to the wars,  
Life was exciting; it opened new doors.  
I flew so high my hands touched the sky.

And the future was endless before me.  
When finding myself inside middle age,  
I blithely laughed and turned a new page,  
Life was a lark, making my mark.  
And the future was endless before me.  
When, of a sudden, retirement came,  
I jumped at the chance to play a new game.  
Unlimited time, I thought, was just fine.  
And the future was endless before me.  
When a window reflected a stooped old man,  
I turned 'round to see him before he ran.  
The sidewalk was bare, there was no one there.  
And the future just vanished before me.

Earl E. Hayes

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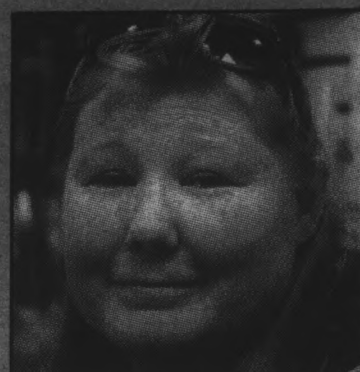




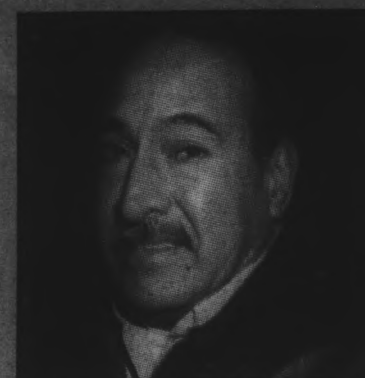
Anna Jacobs



Barbara Borunda



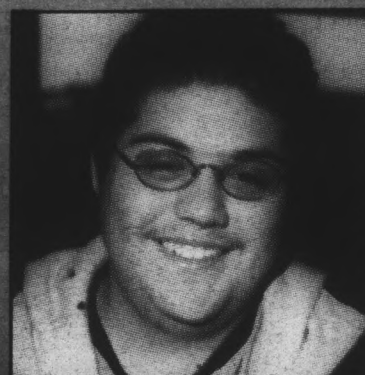
Brandie Gobbell



Eleno Flores



Lily Moreno



Marco Camacho



Stephen Elliot



Studying for Finals

## Voices from Across the Campus.

With the end of the semester at hand, our panther pollsters made the rounds to find out whether or not students were ready for finals, what they had done to prepare, and what they planned to do over the holidays. Here are the responses.

**Brandie Gobbell - Human Services Major, Carmel Valley**

I'm really ready for finals. This is my last semester at Hartnell and my last two classes were really pretty easy for me. I reviewed a little and that was about it. Next semester, I plan to transfer to California State University at Monterey Bay. What will I do over the holidays? Well, I have three kids so that's not hard to guess. I'll be having a good time at home with my children.

**Anna Jacobs - Education Major, Salinas**

In a way I'm ready for finals. At least I hope I am. I studied during the semester on a regular basis so there'd be no crunching at the end of the semester. I'll be returning to Hartnell next semester and during the holiday I plan to spend a lot of time with my friends and my family.

**Marco Camacho - Music Major, Salinas**

Yes, I'm pretty much ready for finals. I do a little bit of studying every day. My secret is to study a little bit at a time so I can remember more of what I study. What will I do over the vacation? We have a family tradition to always go to my grandma's. Otherwise, I'll just take it easy.

**Stephen Elliot - Concurrent Enrollment Student, Prunedale**

Yep. I'm ready for finals. I take good notes and pay attention to what's going on in class every time. That way, I'm ready at the end of the semester without much cramming. Over the break, I'll be visiting with my grandparents in Watsonville.

**Barbara Borunda - Liberal Arts Major, Salinas**

Yes, I'm ready for finals. I study a little at a time by re-reading my notes and

working from study sheets. I think the secret is to study a little at a time all semester long so you're already prepared at the end of the semester. Over the holidays, we having family come in from out of town. We're planning a big family get-together.

**Jason Valerio - Undecided Major, Salinas**

Yeah, I'm ready. I've been studying in two-hour sessions, then I take a ten to twenty minute break, then I go back to it. I need to earn some money, so I'll be working over the vacation. I've a job at the Big Five in the mall. Next semester, I'll be back to Hartnell.

**Lily Moreno - Pre-law Major, Chualar**

Yes, I'm very ready to take my finals. I have three to deal with this semester. To study, I like to gather with a study group. I think it's better to work together. My study groups do the chapter reviews, help explain things to each other, and ask each other questions. During the break, I'm going to stay home and be with my family. I can't wait. I need a vacation from school.

**Eleno Flores - Electrical Technician Major, Salinas**

Well, yes, I'm ready this semester, but that's because I'm only taking one class and that one is self-paced. That means there is no final. It'll be a different story next semester. Next semester I plan to attend full time. There'll be finals then, but I'll try to be prepared. What will I do over the holidays? I have two daughters, both living in Gilroy. I'm 55 years old. I never thought it was going to happen, but both of my daughters just had babies. I'm a grandfather at last. I plan to spend the vacation spoiling my new grandkids.

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